

SAGES OF CHELSEA.

[According to *The Daily Mail* neither DICKENS nor *The Jungle Book* are ever asked for in the children's reading-room of the Chelsea Free Library. The ages of its habitués vary from five to sixteen, and during the year many applications were made for works dealing with science, sociology, fine arts and religion.]

O AGE of light and learning!

O worthy of all praise,
When Wisdom's torch is burning
With such a brilliant blaze;
When Youth, no more benighted,
Declines to grow excited
O'er rubbish that delighted
Our simple boyhood days.

While yet brief knickerbockers

Left bare my nether limbs,
My favourite fare was shockers
And fairy tales of GRIMM'S;
Boys' books I had in plenty
To fill my *far niente*,
VERNE, BALLANTYNE, and HENTY
Amused my youthful whims.

But when on those romances

That our young fancy took
The enlightened babe now glances,
Contemptuous grows his look.
No more the infant vogue is
For fairies, imps, or bogies,
And only old, old fogeys
Will read the *Jungle Book*.

Where Indians, wildly whirling
Red tomahawks to kill,
Set my young scalp-locks curling
With many a glorious thrill,
The hair of these young sages
Of tender, tender ages,
Curls as they turn the pages
Of NIETSCHE, SPENCER, MILL.

Now, bidding youth defiance,
The big-browed bantlings pore
O'er works of social science
And strange eugenic lore.
Ignoring prams and nurses
The learned babe immerses
His soul in controversies
About the Open Door.

O happy, happy nation,
Where culture so can thrive,
Where one finds Education
So very much alive;
Where, by the grace of heaven,
We've savants of eleven,
Deep scientists of seven,
Philosophers of five!

"Wanted a young man for farm work; must be able to drive, milk, float; live in winter."
Agricultural Times.

Employer: And can you float and live in the winter?

Applicant: Well, sir, I've had experience. I had a job in April in the Thames Valley. (*Engaged.*)



He (alluding to music the band is playing). "THIS IS THAT NEW WALTZ YOUR SISTER WAS RAVIN' ABOUT. IT SEEMS TO ME RATHER ROTTEN. I EXPECT SHE MUST HAVE DANCED IT WITH SOMEBODY RATHER NICE."

In a Liverpool shop window:

"This beautiful oil-painting, only 21s. The price will be reduced 6d. every week until sold." Everything comes to him who waits. We are thinking of waiting forty-two weeks.

"For Sale, Trap to seat four, no room for same."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*

It would have been much funnier not to have said anything until afterwards.

Heard after the First Act of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum:

Elderly Lady: Yes, I think it is very nice; the words are so pretty.

"The ball beat the bat at Cambridge, but the bat didn't do very well."—*Daily Mirror.*

It is with these significant words that *The Daily Mirror* opens the cricket season.

"The most astounding example of Nature's power to jump into a new season when the leash is off was to be seen in the hop."
Daily Mail.

Naturally.

"Gentleman's Bicycle, cost £16; sale £210, or near offer."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

One might offer £195, for instance, in confidence that it would not be rejected offhand.

ENGLAND'S WEAK SPOT.

[Dedicated to my host and hostess of Jerez de la Frontera in gratitude for the best luncheon I ever handled.]

ALL roads to England ultimately lead
(Mostly by water, which is often rough),
And there a man may buy his every need,
Including all the best exotic stuff.
This thought has cheered me up in many places
When sick to death of bargaining with foreign races.

Take Spain. You want mantillas, brodered shawls,
Or clattering castanets? Why cross the foam?
Why hunt for spoil among Alhambra's halls
When we've our own Alhambra here at home?
Yet there are spots on even England's sun,
And her indifference to sherry-wine is one.

Can she provide that potion, pale and *sec*,
Dear solace of my exile eve and morn?
Or let that liquid amber lave my neck
Sampled in Jerez where the same was born?
Never of that divine exalting glow
Can they be cognisant who only England know.

Great memories haunt the traveller fresh from Spain—
Córdoba's shrine by Paynim knees impressed;
The minaret towering over Seville's fane;
Nevada in her dazzling ermine dressed—
Precious are these; yet cannot they efface
The memory of a meal for which I still say grace.

Ah! luscious *déjeuner* and long drawn-out
With ever some fresh tap of mellow age
(Each one a surer antidote to gout);
And then to view the barrels, stage on stage,
Whereof the fumes, enjoyed by inspiration,
Would furnish of themselves a liberal education!

England, you underrate this noble juice!
And let me tell you frankly, heart to heart—
If still, when I have left you no excuse,
You spurn the highest, then we two must part;
I shall elope to Andalusian Jerez
And rent a vine, and sit beneath its sherry-berries.

O. S.

THE CULT OF THE MICROBE.

AFTER Dr. JOHN EYRE's lecture last month to the Members of the Institute of Hygiene on "Beneficent Bacteria," it was simply inevitable that there should be some change in the general attitude. Till then, most of us had no idea of drawing any distinctions between them; we included them all in a vague antipathy and distrust. But Dr. EYRE has compelled us to realise how cruelly many most respectable micro-organisms have been misunderstood. So far from infecting us with disease, it seems that they are actually defending us from it! And millions of industrious microbes are also rendering invaluable services in the manufacture of food-stuffs and textile fabrics, in the tanning of leather and the curing of tobacco! So it is not surprising that, by way of reaction, we should be tempted to apotheosise the blameless Bacillus, or that the Press (always responsive to the latest trend of popular opinion) should combine to boom him for all he is worth. But really there are limits. Mr. Punch cannot help thinking that the thing is being just a little overdone. For it is becoming impossible to open one's daily paper now without coming across such paragraphs as these:—

BRIXTON'S BRAVE BACTERIUM.

"Early yesterday morning, Mr. GEORGE STODGKINSON, 15, Eaton Crescent, Brixton, discovered that his interior was being violently disturbed by a gang who are believed to have effected an entrance under cover of a pork-pie of more than usual indigestibility. Mr. STODGKINSON owes his life, which was for a time in serious danger, to the vigilance and courage of a lactic acid bacterium, who had cleverly concealed himself on the premises in some curdled milk. After a desperate struggle the intruders were eventually overcome, and the bacterial benefactor, with characteristic modesty, withdrew without leaving either name or address. Mr. STODGKINSON, though still suffering from the shock, was able to go up to business as usual."

MILLIONS OF BERMONDSEY MICROBES IDLE TO-DAY.

"To-day all the bacilli engaged in the Bermondsey tanneries are out on strike, as a protest, we understand, against the excessive length of their working-day. The campaign is being conducted, so far, with dignity and quiet. If it is the fact that a microbe is expected to labour for twenty-four hours a day, this obviously leaves him but little time either for recreation or self-improvement, and the strikers may be assured of sympathy from the Public. Considering that, as Dr. EYRE has demonstrated, the tanning industry depends entirely on bacterial co-operation for its successful prosecution, the employers will be wise in adopting a more conciliatory attitude. It seems to us that this is eminently one of those disputes in which the President of the Board of Trade should be asked to intervene."

SONS OF THE SOIL!

"A scene of unusual interest, we learn from a correspondent at Fallofield, Blightshire, occurred yesterday afternoon on the platform of the local railway station, where one of our most respected residents and agriculturists, Mr. CHARLOCK, welcomed the first detachment of bacterial fertilisers whom he had been anxiously expecting from London to assist him in the improvement of his land. The sturdy little fellows, who arrived punctually by the 3.35, seemed little the worse for their long journey, and, after being conveyed in one of Farmer CHARLOCK's own vehicles to the scene of their operations, were immediately set to work on the soil. It may be confidently hoped that the next Harvest Supper at Couchgrass Farm will, thanks to their presence, be a far cheerier function than has been the case during all these years of agricultural depression."

REMARKABLE REFORMATION OF A COMMA BACILLUS.

Reuter's Agent cables from Calcutta: "Some sensation has been caused here by the announcement that a Comma Bacillus, one of a society notoriously engaged in the dissemination of Asiatic Cholera, has recently become one of its most determined opponents. His conversion is entirely due to the efforts of Professor SEARUM, and is a striking proof of what culture and suitable surroundings may effect in eliminating evil tendencies in the most virulent bacillus. After having gone through various probationary stages, the Comma is now the guest of a native gentleman, whom he has undertaken to protect against any further choleraic attacks."

"On p. 8 will be found portraits of the Converted Comma, and also of Mr. CHANDRA LOH PRAGANATH, his present host."

WELL-KNOWN SURGEON CHARGED WITH CRUELTY.

"At the Maryborough Street Police Court yesterday, PAUL PRIOR, F.R.C.S., of 235, Harpole Street, W., ap-



Bernard Partridge del.

FÊTE

GALANTE

[The Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush is announced to open on May 14.]



THE THREE R'S.

Liaette (to Jules, just returned from a year's study in London). "DIS DORO, JULES,—QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST DONC QUE CES TROIS R'S DONT ON PARLE EN ANGLETERRE?"

Jules. "LES TROIS R'S?—N' SAIS PAS—TIENS—C'LA ME E'VIENT—V'LÀ!—ROTTEN, RIPPIN ET RIGHT O."

peared to answer a charge of alleged cruelty to several microbes, by confining them in a solution of solidified gelatine in such a manner as to deprive them of all power of movement. The defendant, who conducted his own case, denied that the microbes suffered any appreciable pain. The Magistrate (*severely*): "How can you possibly say that, sir? Who can tell what pain and annoyance may be experienced by a sensitive microbe when compelled to remain motionless for hours at a time while it is being examined under a powerful lens?" (*Applause in Court.*) It was monstrous to treat the humblest of our friends and allies in this cold-blooded fashion, and the defendant must pay a fine of 40s. and undertake to set the poor creatures at liberty at once. The defendant, who seemed surprised at this decision, left the Court amidst hisses."

HE DIED IN HARNESS.

"An elderly bacterium, while engaged in assisting to cure a consignment of cabbage-leaves which had recently been delivered at Messrs. Nomeny, Corlees and Company's well-known British Regalia Factory, expired quite suddenly yesterday afternoon. The deceased, who had been in the company's service from a mere spore, has left numerous descendants, all of whom are em-

ployés of the firm, to deplore his loss. The mournful event has cast a gloom over the entire neighbourhood, shutters being generally closed as a mark of respect."

MAIMED RITES!

(From our own Correspondent at Christiania.)

"I hear that the heroic bacteria who perished so gallantly in defending little PRINCE OLAF from those formidable assailants the Micrococci of Whooping-cough are not to receive a public funeral after all, a majority in both Houses of the Storthing having decided that the proposal is for various reasons impracticable. The obsequies will therefore take place in private. The decision has excited considerable dissatisfaction throughout the capital."

* * * * *

Mr. Punch yields to none in admiration of the Microbes' many excellent qualities, but he does submit that it is unwise, in their own interests, to invest them with quite so much importance as all this. Hitherto one of the most endearing traits in our Bacilli has been the shrinking self-effacement with which they have sought to avoid public recognition. Surely we cannot wish to see them all going about with swelled heads!

F. A.

LONDON LETTERS.

V.

DEAR CHARLES,—I am learning to dance the Minuet. I say "the" instead of "a" because I am sure mine is a very particular kind of one. You start off with three slides to the left, then three to the right, and then you stop and waggle the left leg. After that you bow to your partner in acknowledgment of the interest she has taken in it all, and that ends the first figure. There are lots more, but one figure at a time is my motto. At present I slide well, but am a moderate waggler.

Why am I doing this, you ask. My dear CHARLES, you never know when a little thing like a Minuet will turn out useful. The time may well come when you will say to yourself, "Ah, if only I had seized the opportunity of learning that when I was young, how. . . etc." There were once two men who were cast ashore on a desert island. One of them had an axe, and a bag of nails, and a goat, and a box of matches, and a barrel of gunpowder, and a keg of biscuits, and a tarpaulin, and some fish-hooks. The other could only dance the Minuet. Years rolled by; and one day a ship put in at that island for water. As a matter of fact there was no water there, but they found two skeletons. Which shows that in certain circumstances proficiency in the Minuet is as valuable as an axe, and a bag of nails, and a goat, and a box of matches, and all the other things that I mentioned just now. So I am learning in case.

My niece, aged twenty months (do I bore you?) has made her first joke: let it be put on record and handed down to those that come after. She walked into the study, where her father was reading and her mother writing. They agreed not to take any notice of her, in order to see what would happen. She marched up to her father, stroked his face, and said, "Hallo, Daddy!" No answer. She gazed round; and then went over to the writing-desk. "Hallo, Mummy!" Dead silence. She stood for a moment, looking rather puzzled. At last she went back to her father, bent down and patted his slippers, and said, "Hallo, Boots!" Then she walked quite happily out of the room.

However, we won't bother about MARGERY, because I have something much more exciting to tell you. McGUBBIN has signed on for the something Rovers for next season! I saw it in the paper; it had a little paragraph all to itself. This is splendid news—I haven't been so happy

about anything for a long time. Whaur's your WULLY GAUKRODGER now? Let us arrange a Pentathlon for them. I'll back McG., and you can hold the towel for GAUK. My man would win at football of course, and yours at cricket, but the other three events would be exciting. Chess, golf, and the Minuet, I think. I can see McGUBBIN sliding—one, two, three, one, two, three—there, now he's waggling his left leg. CHARLES, you're a goner—hand over the stakes.

Look here, I smoke too much, at least I have been lately. Let's give it up, CHARLES. I'll give it up altogether for a week if you will. Did you know that you can allay the craving for tobacco by the judicious use of bull's-eyes? ("Allay" is the word.) You carry a bag of bull's-eyes with you—I swear this is true, I saw it in the Press—and whenever you feel a desire to smoke you just pop a bull's-eye in your mouth. In a little while, they say, your taste for tobacco—and I imagine for everything else—is quite gone. This ought to be more widely known, and then your host would say, "Try one of these bull's-eyes, won't you? I import them direct;" and you would reply, "Thanks very much, but I would rather have one of my own, if I may." "Have a bull's-eye, if you like," your partner would say at a dance. Of course, too, they would have special bull's-eye compartments on trains; that would be jolly. But it would ruin the stage. The hero who always lights a cigarette before giving off his best epigram—I don't know what he'd do. You see, he couldn't. . . well, he'd have to wait such a time.

Why are they called bull's-eyes? I don't believe I've ever seen a bull's eye really close. If you look a bull in the eye he doesn't go for you. Which eye? He might be a left-handed bull; you'd look at the wrong eye; then where would you be?

The world is too much with me, CHARLES, but all the same I've just ordered a flannel suit which will make Castle Bumpbrook stare. Sort of purplish; and it makes up very smart, and they can do me two pairs of trousers in it, whatever that means. I should have thought that they could have done me as many pairs as I liked to ask for, but it seems not. They only print a limited edition, and then destroy the original plates, so that nobody else can walk about looking like me. I asked the man if he thought it would play croquet well, and he said, Yes.

By the way, I have learnt some

more about croquet since I wrote last. First then, you can go round in one, if you're frightfully good. I should like to go round in one: I suppose that would be the record? Secondly, if you're wired from all the balls, so that you can't get a clear shot at every part of any one of them, you go into baulk, and have another turn. This must happen pretty often, because you could never have a clear shot at the back of a ball, unless you went right round the world the other way, and that would be too risky, besides wasting so much time. No, I can see there's a lot to learn in the game; but patience, CHARLES, patience. I shall go round in one yet. A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

QUITE a feature of the present Royal Academy Show is the number of EVES—sufficient, almost, to populate a Garden City. The costume picture is clearly out of fashion.

It is said that the abolition of speeches at the R.A. Banquet (the effect of which was, an Irish paper informs us, to make the speakers feel more comfortable) is to be followed by other innovations. Next year, it is rumoured, something is to be done for the artists. An attempt is to be made to increase the sale of pictures by hanging them commercially, and the visitor will be confronted by such a notice as "ALL IN THIS ROW ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS," while another room is to be devoted to misfits in portraits at bargain prices.

The Daily Mirror offers a prize for the best design for a piece of sculpture to be erected in honour of OUIDA. "The designs," it is laid down, "should comprise incidents or ideas or characters in one or more of her works, like *Under Two Flags* and *Two Little Wooden Shoes*, and in some way indicate OUIDA's intense devotion to dogs and other animals." This reads like a direct incitement to Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE to desert painting in favour of the plastic art.

Mr. GOOCH's Old Masters fetched such poor prices on the first day of the sale that he decided, with admirable discretion, to postpone the disposal of the rest of them until they became a little older.

"Why not Trees at the North Pole?" asked Professor HYDE at the Royal Society of Arts. The *Winter's Tale* certainly seems out of place at His Majesty's.



Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after Re tor's health). "WELL, SIR, I BE GLAD YOU SAYS YOU BE WELL. BUT THERE—YOU BE ONE OF THESE 'BAD DOERS,' AS I CALLS 'EM. GIE 'EM THE BEST O' VITTELS, AND IT DON'T DO 'EM NO GOOD. THERE BE PIGS LIKE THAT!"

A French gardener has erected a sun-dial in the grounds of the Franco-British Exhibition. As an expression of confidence in our English sun this strikes us as rather pathetic.

A monster petition against the Licensing Bill, containing nine miles of signatures, required the services of ten men to carry it into the House, and it is now proposed that the six-mile limit shall be extended to petitions.

It was rumoured that, in addition to a Viscount WOLVERHAMPTON, there might be a Re-count Wolverhampton.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been giving further pledges. He is determined to maintain his reputation as the most promising member of the Liberal Party.

The Observer points out that at Dundee the Liberal colour, red, was annexed by the Labour candidate. Fortunately Mr. CHURCHILL is used to sailing under almost any colour.

The Liberals at Dundee took exception to some of the Unionist candidate's placards. They forgot that BAXTER prints, to be correct, must be highly coloured.

"Marylebone seems to be falling to pieces in all directions," remarked Mr. PLOWDEN, the other day at the Marylebone Police Court, where he himself has frequently brought the house down with very little exertion.

Exception continues to be taken in certain quarters to the "property" head which Miss MAUD ALLAN uses in her Salome dance, but it is pointed out that if a real head were intro-

duced it would mean that a fresh actor would have to take the part at every performance, and it would be almost impossible to find sufficient supers willing to fill the rôle.

A mass meeting of recent criminals is, we hear, shortly to be held in Notting Dale to protest against their exclusion from the provisions for Old Age Pensions, while in Parliament itself several members may be relied on to voice sympathetically the claims of the Lunatics.

When Mr. MOBERLY BELL was asked, in a recent sensational action, "What have been your relations with Mr. MURRAY?" he answered, "I have always been on the best of terms with him. We both belong to the same club." The club referred to is, we understand, the Athenæum, and not The Times Book Club.

In art circles a pretty tale is being told of a Scotch sculptor. He was showing an acquaintance a bust of a gentleman who was known to them both. "Frankly, I don't think it is much like him," said the acquaintance. "Ah, weel," said the sculptor, "ye maun ken that it 's no gien to every man to be like his bust."

THE LONG ARM AGAIN.

[A correspondent of *The Glasgow Herald* draws attention to a curious coincidence in connexion with three of the foremost living portrait-painters—Sargent (whose portrait of Mr. Balfour will probably be one of the features of this year's Academy), Shannon, and Solomon. Their names begin with the same letter, but the full initials of the famous trio are much more noteworthy:

J. S. S. (Sargent).
J. J. S. (Shannon).
S. J. S. (Solomon).

The initials of the first and third are identical, the order only differing. There are three famous "B's" in music, but the parallel of the painters is much more striking."—*Westminster Gazette*]

Now this is perfectly amazing; but there is more to follow. Let us look at literature. Mr. J. M. BARRIE is a well-known writer, and he is beyond criticism and speculation. Who would believe that the assistant editor of *The Sphere* has the same initials? Yet he has—J. M. B. The literary gossip of *The Westminster* again is J. A. B.; while is there not a militant publicist and Member of Parliament named J. M. ROBERTSON, or J. M. R.?—and everyone knows how like R is to B. All this is wonderful, and fills one with a sense of impending doom.

So much for the miraculous B's. Look, too, at the A's, all you who are superstitious. Is there not the Laureate A. A.? That is remarkable enough—a double first, so to speak, in initials—but behold there is ALGERNON ASHTON too. It is almost, if not quite, too much. Add Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND, and we have the deadly and mystical three, so strange to *The Glasgow Herald* and *Westminster Gazette*.

Perhaps even more sinister is the case of the late Mr. GLADSTONE and the present Librarian of the House of Lords. Both men of letters, both connected with politics, both of the same sex, both using the organs of speech for communicating their ideas. Will it be credited that the Grand Old Man's initials, W. E. G., were also those of Mr. GOSSE, a little differently placed—E. W. G.?—and is not Mr. RUSSELL, the anecdotist, G. W. E. (mark you!) RUSSELL, an acquaintance of both men? It is marvellous, and uncanny too.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE phenomenal attractions of the opera season have now been raised to high-water pitch by the arrival of another *diva* of superhuman accomplishments and fascinations—we refer, of course, to Madame ADELAIDE PASTALANI, the golden-throated Bulbul of Calabria. Madame PASTALANI, who was the favourite pupil of PORPORA, LAMPERTI, GARCIA, SERIGLIA, and other famous *maestri*, was specially destined by WAGNER to create the principal rôle in the new opera, which unhappily he did not live to complete. She is only forty-seven years old, and her figure is as *avelle* as if she were only seventeen. She has already amassed a fortune estimated at anything from £500,000 to £2,000,000, and is the happy possessor of ten motor cars, a turbine yacht, and a golden Turkish bath.

Madame PASTALANI is a lovely-appearing woman of the delicate-phenical type, with an opulent profile and abundant hair of a beautiful natural terra-cotta tint. Her voice is a dramatic soprano of the finest quality, ranging from the double D in *petto* to G in *altissimo*. Its *timbre* is distinctly mezzanine in the lower register, but approximates to the *piano nobile* in the *tessitura* of the *voce di testa*. As one of her admirers, the Count BELGIOJOSO, happily put it, "her voice is as soft as velvet and as glutinous as a Carlsbad plum." It was Signor TITTONI, the famous Italian statesman, who gave her the sobriquet of the Bulbul of Calabria, and the most desperate members of the Mafia and the Camorra worship her with a fanatical ecstasy rare even in tropical climes.

Madame PASTALANI received Mr. *Punch's* representative in the boudoir of her new house in Park Lane, and even to his seasoned optics, satiated with the magnificence of three generations, its dazzling splendour came somewhat as a surprise. Even members of the Royal Family have been denied a peep as the work progressed to a completion, which in classic beauty and chaste decoration eclipses anything ever before attempted in this or any other century. The scheme of colour is salmon, emerald and Botticelli-blue, and there is not another note of colour in the mouldings and cornices. Again, some idea of the width of the doors may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than twelve peeresses can pass abreast without the slightest risk of

rumpling their gowns or disarranging their chevelures.

Madame PASTALANI not only surpasses all other *prime donne* in the magnificence of her mansion but in the size and number of her pet animals. In her palmiest days Madame PATTI never had more than nine parrots. Madame PASTALANI has twenty-three, besides four cockatoos, three penguins, one albatross, and a splendid barnacle goose, which has been taught to sing the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. On her roof garden there are cages containing lions, tigers, tapirs, dingoes, jerboas, and other choice mandibles, presented to her in every case by Oriental potentates of the greatest altitude.

The honours showered upon Madame PASTALANI might well have unhinged her mental balance, but in spite of everything she still retains considerable vestiges of sanity. Thus when she was at St. Petersburg the Tsar used to make tea for her between the Acts, and the late M. POBEDONOSTZEFF used to let her call him "papa." President ROOSEVELT sent her a canvas-back duck, which he had shot with his own hands, and wrote a set of verses in her album, beginning:

"I guess that Madame A. Pastalani
Knocks spots off the Lily of Killarney."

Other contributors to her album are Count TOLSTOI, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Mr. HENRY JAMES, and Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE.

It is not, however, only as public performer that Madame PASTALANI eclipses her rivals. Phenomenal as her artistic gifts are they are not more remarkable than the domestic virtues and accomplishments which lend an added lustre to the aureole of her divadom. She is pre-eminently a woman of simple habits, her only weakness being in the matter of tiaras, of which she is the happy possessor of seventeen. (It must be remembered, however, that she has sung before more crowned heads than any living artist.) Plain living and high thinking are the order of the day with this redoubtable *cantatrice*. She rises with the lark—whose most profuse strains she has long since reduced to insignificance—and, after attending to her voluminous correspondence from 7 a.m. to 10 a.m., takes horseback exercise for an hour in the Park. At lunch she seldom drinks anything stronger than Château Yquem.



"THERE'S MY SON'S PORTRAIT THAT YOU PAINTED. IT'S JUST LIKE HIM."

"HE NEVER PAID ME FOR IT."

"JUST LIKE HIM."

On the days on which she sings at the opera she takes a light repast at 4 p.m., abstaining with stoical endurance from any further refreshment until midnight. Madame PASTALANI is an omnivorous reader, her favourite authors being ANNIE SWAN and MARCEL PRÉVOST. In short, whether we consider her intellectual or her natural gifts, we can safely say that we seldom, if ever, expect to look upon her like again.

The Cambridge Chronicle makes out to quote *Cassell's Saturday Journal* on Mr. CHURCHILL as follows:

"Photographs flattered him with a merry boyish look. As a matter of fact, he is pale to the verge of being haggard; he is short-sighted. He is by no means gifted in oratory as the phase is generally understood."

Later on there is a reference to his "btain" and his "jeeting" remarks; and no doubt the editor felt justified in making these improvements upon what cannot have been in the original a very exciting story. But after the "RITA" case he should be careful.

A THEATRICAL REFORM.

JUDGING from an Italian newspaper the relations between managers and first-nighters are about to be placed on a more business-like and less vocal and emotional footing. We learn that a new method by which approval or disapproval of a play can be shown without disturbing the performance is being introduced by the dramatist TRAVERSI. Before leaving the theatre every person is to drop a ticket into one of three boxes marked "Good," "Indifferent," and "Bad." Meanwhile other suggestions for securing a silent but effective verdict are pouring in upon us.

CLASSICAL STUDENT advocates a return to the humane and considerate etiquette of the Coliseum, when, without making any fuss, a simple gesture of the thumb indicated that the spectators had no further desire to spare their victims' lives.

A RETURNING OFFICER, in view of the popularity of by-elections, and the excellent practice to be obtained in conducting the same with decorum

and self-control, would hold a poll of the whole audience between every Act, to determine whether the play should continue or not.

STAGE-FRIGHT asks plaintively for the Safety Curtain to be lowered during the whole of the first performance should any section of the pit or gallery show signs of restiveness.

FIREMAN says: "What's wrong with the hose? It could be turned on from either the stage or the auditorium."

AN OLD CLUBMAN maintains that the only gentlemanly way of expressing one's dislike of an actor's personality is to blackball him.

If any or all of the above proposals be adopted, we feel sure that the bad old practice of "boosing" will speedily become extinct.

From Mr. E. F. BENSON's latest novel, *Sheaves*:

"Tense silence; but after some ten minutes somebody blew his nose. Pure simple pathos, the striving of a weak man to do his best, and finding his best failing, was there." He should have tried again.



Belated Arrival. "ARE THEY ALL OF ONE MIND HERE TO-NIGHT, CONSTABLE?"
Shivering Policeman. "HADN'T OUGHT TO BE, SIR—NOT WITH THIS WEATHER!"

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

(From our special correspondent with the "English Daisies." With acknowledgments to "The Evening News.")

Monte Carlo.

WE soon got over our disappointment at the appearance of the St. Lazare Station, which we had been led to suppose was even more beautiful than Cannon Street, and on driving through the streets of the French capital (Paris) the girls could hardly restrain their delight. Everyone was much amused at the appearance of the people in the streets, and Miss ROBINSON was quick to notice the difference between the Paris policeman and his English confrère. (They are called "gendarmes" here, by the way—doesn't it sound odd?) Lunch was followed by a

drive to the Bon Marché, and thence to Les Invalides, and later we entertained for Monte Carlo, leaving dear Paris (which we already felt we knew and loved) with feelings of regret.

As the train proceeded we discussed the Parisians and their quaint customs. "The way the children do their hair makes me sick," said Miss BROWN, "and I object strongly to their legs." Miss HARDY thought this was rather an insular view to take, but she confessed she was entirely with Miss BROWN *re* legs; they were not a bit like honest English children's legs. Miss GREEN said it was rather unfair to blame the children for this defect; it was only to be expected, seeing that they had not had the advantage of English mothers!

Monte Carlo was reached without

further comment; the sky here is a deep blue; so is the sea; you can hardly tell which is which. In the evening we went to the Casino. The "Daisies" were particularly struck by the beautiful paintings in this wonderful building, which contrasted strangely with the haggard faces of the players.

"I don't like it," thus commented Miss JONES, "and I'm sure the County Council wouldn't allow it in London."

"I only hope Mother won't find out I've been here," said Miss GREEN.

Now we must be off to pack up, for the day after to-morrow we are due in the Eternal City (Rome), which our own HALL CAINE has immortalised. There we shall come in contact with the Past, so no more for the Present.

THE SLUMP IN DRAMA.

[It is stated that the past winter has been remarkable for the number of theatrical failures.]

THIS is sad news; the patriot must pale

To see his country's sock and buskin fail

(You gather what I mean?)
 Must lose his customary self-command

To think of glories (hope you'll understand)

Which are not, but have been.

Can it be that our clinging like grim death

To that destructive Free Trade shibboleth

Occasions this distress?
 Our suicidal, middle-headed plan
 Of starving out our fellow-countryman,

And so on? (See *Express*.)

Can it be that the Halls, ornate and cheap,

Have gone and knocked our drama in a heap,

As some had said they would?
 Can it be that a Puritanic wave
 Has made the nation more than merely grave,

Intolerantly good?

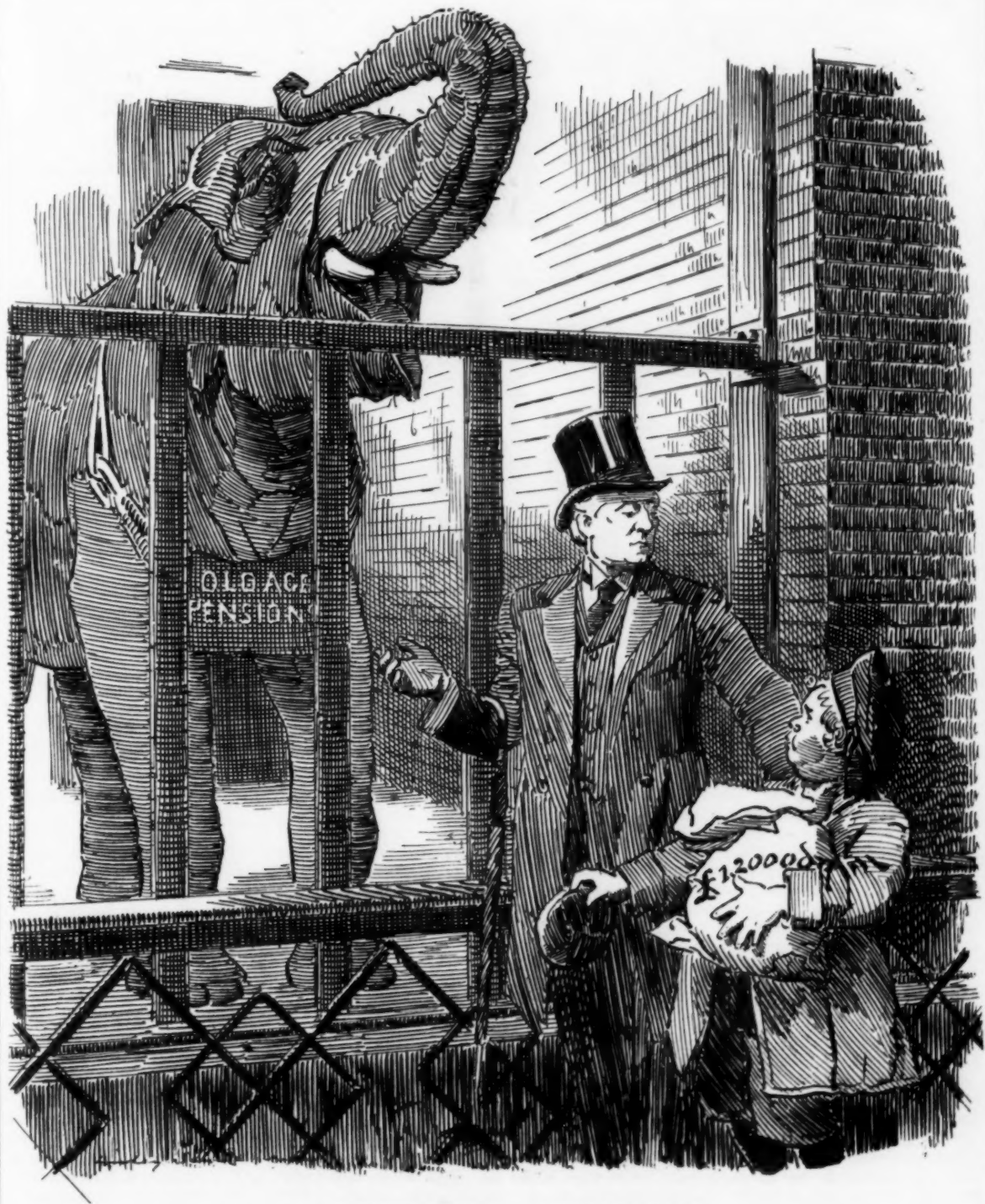
Can it be— No, it isn't that at all
 Which brings about this lamentable fall,

This ominous decline.
 It is that Managers will never glance
 (Short-sighted idiots!) by any chance
 At any plays of mine.

"Can Gentleman recommend handy-man, understanding vegetable garden, fruit-trees, flowers, and (if possible) cows?"

The Guardian.

The incomprehensible sex.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

UNCLE ASQUITH. "WE MUSTN'T FORGET THE POOR OLD ELEPHANT, MUST WE?"
JOHNNY BULL (*without enthusiasm*). "WILL HE WANT ALL THE BUNS I'VE GOT HERE?"
UNCLE A. "YES, MY BOY, AND ALL THE BUNS YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO GET!"



OUR LOCAL HUMORIST.

Old Jarge (to new curate with a reputation as a fast boulder). "Now, ZUR, DON'T EE PUT UN DOWN TOO FAAST, FUR IF EE DO I CAN'T 'IT HE, AND LIKE ENOUGH HE 'LL 'IT I!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—Shortly after SPEAKER took the Chair a flutter of excitement ran along crowded benches. Glass door below the Bar flung open. Enter two men with the dinner dress that waiters wear at mid-day, carrying between them three parcels neatly covered with serviettes. With joined hands they upbore a central package, each carrying another with his free hand. Proved to be the pioneers of a long procession similarly burdened. When the advance guard were within touch of the Table on which it marched the rear end of a long line was entering by the doorway.

What did it portend? What was under the toothsome napery? From time to time demand has been made by patriotic members for free postage, free baths, even free railway tickets. Was it—could it be—that what was now brought in was free lunch?

Ecstasy of expectation rudely

shattered by ROBERT CECIL. Announced that the parcels just deposited in front of the Table were nothing more nor less than the signatures to petition against Licensing Bill of Londoners registered within area of Metropolitan Police districts. Signed by over half a million sturdy citizens. Comprised 32,175 sheets of paper, and was nine miles long.

"Will the noble lord bring the petition to the Table?" said the SPEAKER, using the formula customary to the occasion.

This more than LORD ROBERT had counted upon. In resistance of confiscation, robbery, burglary, and the rest of it, he would do all that might become a man. When there came question of bundling into the petition bag by the Clerk's chair a document nine miles long, he must really reconsider his position. It was, if he might put it so, outside the cab radius. Walking slowly down gangway, he stood ruefully regarding the many packages.

"Take them up," shouted the jubilant Ministerialists. "Drop 'em in the bag!"

LORD ROBERT squared his broad shoulders, furtively pinched his biceps. At Eton he was a well-known athlete. At University College he made a record with the caber, hurling it 14½ yards further than the best fling of BAYLES of Balliol. Give him time and training, he would even now dump the petition in the bag as if it were a bale of American hops landed in Kent.

The SPEAKER, observing his hesitation, kindly came to the rescue.

"Will the noble lord," he said, "bring as much as he can?"

Gratefully availing himself of this compromise, LORD ROBERT, amid enthusiastic cheering, took a handful of sheets from one of the bundles and dropped them in the bag.

After this JOHN WILSON'S performance partook of character of anticlimax. Well conceived; had it had stage to itself would have been a success. Was in charge of petition in favour of the Bill, signed by 169,510 members of the Primitive Methodist Church. Happy thought occurred to him of having it wrapped up in cylinder form to represent con-

signment of telegraph wire. Carried in by two sturdy messengers, it was calculated to have appreciable effect upon course of debate and results of division.

"It's a mile and a-half long," said JOHN WILSON, proudly.

"Pooh!" retorted BOB CECIL, his spirits risen since the SPEAKER helped him out of his dilemma with the nine-miler.

"Lord ROBERT needn't be so cock - a - hoop," said Almanack WHITAKER. "Temperance is a power in the land; but I confess that, considered as an allurement to signing a petition, a glass of beer is twice as potent as a cup of tea or a mug of lemonade."

JOHN WILSON now faced by difficulty that had baffled Lord ROBERT. Rule inexorable. A Member presenting petition may avail himself of services of messengers as far as the Table; he must with his own hand place the document in the bag prepared for its reception.

"Roll it along," cried a sympathetic Member, as JOHN WILSON stood forlorn by the cylinder.

Not a bad idea, but there was no room by the passage between the Table and either Front Bench. It was the SPEAKER who again solved the difficulty.

"Will the hon. Member," he blandly said, "bring to the Table as much of the petition as is possible?"

Severing from the bulk about an eighth of a mile, JOHN WILSON staggered up to the bag and dropped it in. After which House regretfully got to business.

Business done.—Second reading of Licensing Bill agreed to by majority of 246 in House of 542 Members.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"Man and boy, I've been in Parliament thirty-five years," mused the Member for Sark. "If, ten years ago, someone had told me that early in the new session BOB REID, then Member for dour Dumfries, would sit on the Woolsack with Bishops cooing round him like flock of ringdoves,

and Tory Lords-Lieutenant extolling his impartiality in the matter of nominations to the Magisterial Bench, I, entering into the spirit of the joke, would with extended forefinger have touched him in the ribs and remarked 'Garn!' Had another foretold that, perched up here in the pen in Gallery over the Bar, grudgingly allotted to mere M.P.'s, I should see Mend 'em or End 'em JOHN MORLEY arrayed in the robes of a Peer, I should have resented unseemly jest. There are some things that should be sacred to the *sapeur* of humour.

dream? Are there visions about? Safer to go down to the Terrace, have a walk in the fresh air, and think of days that are no more."

Business done.—House of Lords meet after Easter recess. New Peers sworn in. CREWE makes first appearance as Leader of the House vice RIPON, not so young as he was. Pretty interchange of stately compliments between new Leader and Leader of Opposition. C.-B. not forgotten. The Lords coming late, with not less sincerity than the Commons, lay their tribute on the quiet grave in far-off Meigle churchyard.

House of Commons, Friday.—In spite of apt alliteration's artful aid. BYLES of Bradford not yet made a Peer. However, there's plenty of time before the Lords are disestablished. Meanwhile cherub-like, he sits up aloft on back bench below Gangway, and keeps watch over the PREMIER.

The latter in rather tight place. WINSTON, wooing the Irish vote at Manchester, made what he described as authorised statement of Ministerial intention with respect to Home Rule, which resulted in Irish vote, under pressure from headquarters, being polled for him. Unionists naturally want to know

exactly what this means. Are the Government definitely pledged to nail Home Rule to the Liberal mast at the next General Election? Or was WINSTON obtaining votes on false pretences?

A little awkward this for the PREMIER. In unskilful hands it meant either throwing over a colleague and setting up backs of Irish voters at pending by-elections, or pledging himself to course notoriously objectionable to important section of his Party. Conscious of JOHN REDMOND, in corner seat below Gangway opposite, intently regarding him, weighing every word that dropped from his lips, ASQUITH skilfully evaded difficulty. Open enemy



FREE LUNCHES?

Arrival of Lord Robert Cecil's light refreshment—a Titanic petition against the Licensing Bill.

"Either of these extravagantly problematical cases would, stated ten years ago, have been regarded as fantastic ebullitions of a disordered brain. What of realisation of double event? What of the spectacle of JOHN MORLEY, now Viscount MORLEY of Blackburn, on bended knee presenting his patent of nobility to a portly figure seated on the Woolsack in flowing robes, full-bottomed wig, just now quaintly crowned with three-cornered black hat, under which beamed the familiar countenance of the BOB REID of olden days, now first Baron LOREBURN, Lord High Chancellor? Shall I pinch the leg of Mr. CALDWELL, who sits near me, to see if I am awake? Do I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



driven back discomfited, up gat BYLES of Bradford.

"Is there any manner of doubt," he sternly asked, "that Home Rule for Ireland is still a cardinal point in the Liberal programme?"

A poser this. No beating about the bush with BYLES of Bradford. A hurricane of cheering from Unionists helped the flight of his dart. Surely PREMIER must answer "Yes" or "No." Either monosyllable disastrous.

Storm of cheering hushed. The Irish Members bent their glance with increased intensity on PREMIER. Slowly he rose and spoke.

"The opinion of the Liberal Party and of the Government on this subject was sufficiently and plainly expressed in the amended resolution to which we agreed the other day."

"Well played, sir!" murmured ALFRED LYTELTON, instincts of the cricketer temporarily overmastering prejudices of the Party man.

Later in the evening the PREMIER had interview with the Whip.

"What do you think about North Salford?" he asked. "Is it a safe seat?"

"BYLES had a majority of 1,187."

"Hum," said the PREMIER; "and at Wolverhampton HENRY FOWLER's majority of 2,865 was reduced to eight."

GEORGE WHITELEY, who sees as far through a ladder as most men, fancies the Liberal minority in the House of Lords will not just now continue to augment.

Business done.—Second reading of Bill repealing Irish Crimes Act carried by large majority.

From a notice on the Piccadilly Tube:

"No person shall wilfully, wantonly or maliciously . . . remove any carriage using this line."

The culprit might make the feeble defence that he had removed it inadvertently, or in a sudden moment of weakness, but the strong arm of the Law would have him all the same.

WINSTON (to his Suffragettes). Down with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

THE DRY FLYER IN WINTER.

[Mr. Punch apologises to the Editors of *The Field* and *Land and Water* for trespassing in their special preserves; but makes no apology for publishing this article in May, since winter may return at any moment.]

THE Marshmag water is notorious for several large trout and a grayling or two that have never been known to rise to a fly; and added zest was promised to the day's sport accorded to us by the generosity of Sir BRUM HOGGENSTEIN, by the fact that no trout would be feeding at that time of year, and, if landed, would have

Fly man has recourse to drugs and dies insane. It also obviates the weary return home from the river, perhaps twice in a day, to fetch some necessary adjunct of the art which has been forgotten. How many a Dry Flyer has felt his joy turn to homicidal fury because he has forgotten his blotting-paper or his anatomical forceps! It is not necessary to give our list in full, but a few items will indicate our methods:—

46. One half-sheet white blotting.

47. Do.—do.—do.—pink do.

The colour used should contrast with the prevailing tone of the landscape to facilitate pursuit in a high wind.

53. One brace of flasks of paraffin. This should be "low flash" to guard against undesired fatalities.

107. Piece of india-rubber.

115. Adhesive gum in solution.

For affixing the india-rubber to the forehead, where it is always at hand except in moments of panic.

172. A flageolet.

We always take this instrument to the river to soothe and re-establish the nerves after a series of harassing episodes.

Blue spectacles, deer's fat, gold-beater's skin, powdered snails' shells, vacuum pump, and so forth; all in accordance with the Dry Fly fashions for last season.

At four in the morning we are up, and after a hasty breakfast—the only kind of breakfast, be it said, the Dry Flyer ever gets—we start for the river at 8.37 of the clock, merrily

trundling our hand-cart, without which, and in the absence of a brace of caddies or half a brace of railway porters, we suffer from reduced vitality on arrival at the river bank. And here something may be said of the flask and the sandwich-case. . . .

It is a glorious morning. The sharp frost of the previous night has not yet begun to yield to the pale rays of Phæbus—ahem! . . . At last we arrive at the spot we have selected for an initial cast. . . . In little over an hour and a quarter, thanks to the careful preparations of the night before, we are ready. Taking the rod grasped in the hand. . . we advance with extreme caution to the bank. Not a ripple disturbs the



"LOOK, DADDY, LOOK! AIN'T THERE A LOT OF 'EM IN STEP?"

to be returned to the water as being out of season; while as regards grayling there were very few of them and it was almost certain the river would be entirely frozen over. We were therefore filled with the keenest anticipations by the difficulties before us, for under such conditions as these we might expect, with reasonable luck, to get a brace of excellent articles into the Sporting weeklies.

It has long been our practice when preparing for a day's sport to refer to a carefully drawn list of requisites and to tick off each item as it is stowed away in creel or hand-cart. This saves us from mental fatigue and preserves in us that elasticity of spirits for lack of which the Dry



Hostess. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Spott! I quite forgot that you take only milk in your tea, and I've given you cream. Let me change your cup."

Mrs. Spott (anxious not to give trouble). "Oh, please don't, dear Lady Prettivell. I don't notice the least difference!"

surface of the stream; the river is locked in the crystal fastness of winter—ahem! A water-hen walking on the frozen surface takes wing with a cheerful note. A robin. . . A sparrow. . . A brace of dead worms. . . Now is an opportunity to test the Dry Flyer's proudest art. A preliminary cast shows we are standing on the line; a second that it is caught up on a button. At the third attempt the line floats out and the tiny Blue Upright settles above the water just behind that projecting spur of the opposite bank, where a good fish or two are perfectly certain to be lying. We picture the heavy swirl of the goodly trout that would rise to us if such were to be, and after a few more casts we wander up the stream, keeping well out of sight by crawling on the ground, and placing our fly with perfect accuracy in the alluring recesses of the banks. . . . At last we see a spot where *Phæbus' fires have thawed the icicles of winter*—ahem! The circumstance demands a supreme effort, and we draw off the longest line imaginable. Alas! before the fly can reach the water there is an ominous

crack at our ear and it is gone. No matter. In twenty minutes we have tipped our lash anew, dipped the fly in paraffin, dried it on blotting-paper, straightened out the gut collars with india-rubber, dressed the line again with deer's fat, polished up with shammy-leather, lighted our pipe, and are ready for a new attempt. Crack! Again the fly is gone. We are using such an incredibly long line that it is almost impossible to throw it without flicking off the fly. Soon all is ready again, and, after forty minutes for luncheon, the long line glides out straight and true. Was that a rise? It was not; but the suspicion makes our blood surge. Steeling our quivering nerves we make a new effort, casting 6½ inches to the left of the point where we had seen what we judged not to be a rise. The Blue Upright sits temptingly on the water. It is the perfection of Dry Flyer's skill. We dwell upon the tiny speck fondly. We fall into a gloating ecstasy. . . . At last with a sigh we raise the point of the rod preparatory to making another cast. What's that? What's—Our heart has stopped! The line is

fast! It throbs! It yields and draws tight! We drop our pipe and it breaks! Oh, delight! No, it's a snag. We are fast in yonder bull-rush. But that thrill—that exquisite tug of the line, tingling down the rod to our very toes—these are delights that only the Dry Flyer knows.

And so the day wears on. . . . A gentle fall of snow powders the frozen river and *softly the moon appears*—ahem! Our day on the famous Marshmag water is at an end. And now, as we are about to turn homeward, the good fortune which sometimes crowns the patient endeavour of the Dry Flyer is ours. At our feet, frozen in the edge of the stream, lies a member of the finny tribe. He is a grayling, and such an one as had promised, had fate so willed, to become one of those "goodly denizens of the stream" of which we write so much. He is in perfect condition, weighing 9½ ounces, and a trifle over when wet, and cannot have been dead many days before he was claimed by Nature's cold storage; and we decide to send him to Sir Braum with a graceful note of thanks for the day's sport afforded.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Panch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVERY now and then, thanks to the mad Mullahs, our parochial intelligence wakes to the fact that there is a place called India (where the ink comes from), which has something to do with this country. Before our present lucid interval comes to an end and we return to our slumbers, I recommend everyone to read *The Great Amulet* (BLACKWOOD), by MAUD DIVER. I have not come across Mrs. DIVER's other book, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, but I am told that it is first-rate, and if the *Desmonds* are as pleasant in their own story as they are in this I can well believe it. In *The Great Amulet* they are only an attractive side-show. The centre of the stage is occupied by a gunner friend of theirs and his difficult but charming wife. As I make it a rule never to interfere between a man and his embittered half, I will only say that their reasons for deciding, on their wedding-day, to lead separate lives seem to me, from an artistic point of view, rather thin. Otherwise I have no fault to find with the structure or technique of Mrs. DIVER's book, which ends only when the happy couple, who, of course, meet again in India, have permanently fallen in love for the third and last time. But *The Great Amulet* is much more than a mere love-story in three parts. It gives a wonderfully clear idea of the difficulties and dangers, the heroism and self-sacrifice, and the fine romance of faithful service to both countries which are of the essence of the life of most English men and women who live in India. Next time I go down to Tilbury Docks to wave a parting handkerchief from that dismal tender, I shall think of Mrs. DIVER's fascinating book, and feel more than ever proud to belong to a country which produces the quite ordinary-looking passengers who crowd the sides of the departing liner.

You know the France that men call gay,
The *Entente Cordiale* France you know;
You've witnessed (from the train) the way
Her far-flung fields and orchards blow.
But would you fan to flame the glow
Born of this scanty passing glance?
Go, then, to Mr. PROTHERO
His book, *The Pleasant Land of France*.

Haply you've spent a fleeting day
Among the woods of Fontainebleau,
Where revelled FRANÇOIS PREMIER
And BATTISTA DI JACOPO;
Where DIAZ, too, MILLET, COROT
Painted the pomp of circumstance.
These fragrant names more fragrant grow
Read in *The Pleasant Land of France*.

By river, homestead, fold, café,
The writer takes you *en sabot*;

He walks a while with RABELAIS,
Smiles with the *gros rire* tourangeau;
SULLY-PRUDHOMME, GRESSET, HUGO,
Who wed new truth with old romance,
Sing for you in the puppet-show
That makes *The Pleasant Land of France*.

Prince, pauper, be you high or low
(MURRAY, the vendor, takes his chance),
Beg, steal or borrow, buy or owe
This book, *The Pleasant Land of France*.

Crossriggs (SMITH, ELDER) is a clever study of contrast between selfish natures and one purely unselfish. The story moves within the limits of a family circle. There is the father, Mr. Hope—"Old Hopeful," as he was known to his friends—beaming benevolent eyes upon the world at large, but a little embarrassing in a small household of limited means. There is Matilda, the eldest daughter, who marries, goes abroad, loses her husband, and after many years returns home, dumping a considerable family of young things upon an impoverished home. "Old Hopeful" rather likes this. It is good to have children around you: only as he never before earned a penny to meet current expenses he does not now begin. It is upon Alexandra, the younger sister, that the burden falls. Meanwhile "Old Hopeful" and Matilda support the situation with unfaltering equanimity. A mere domestic story, you see; but MARY and JANE FINDLATER, working together so harmoniously that, save for admission on the title-page, dual authorship would never be guessed, tell the story very well indeed, lighting it up with many flashes of fancy and humour. One of them—I fancy it is MARY; girls named JANE don't do that sort of thing—possesses in rich quality the gift of reproducing landscape with a few broad touches.

Letters from Queer Street (A. & C. BLACK), by J. H. M. ABBOTT, purports to be a record of experiences amongst the submerged tenth. The letters are supposed to be written by one John Mason, an Australian stranded in London, to his friend "Jimmy" at the Antipodes. John is having a pretty bad time of it, and he takes care to let Jimmy know all about his sufferings and his degradation. Jimmy, however, who is often invoked as "My James," does not appear to have been moved, though he was living in "God's own country," which in this case happened to be Australia. In spite of John's lurid language in regard to the iniquities of London, he leaves him to his fate, until on the last page "John Mason was found leaning over the last unfinished sheet of this letter. He lies in Waverley Cemetery, Sydney." We are thus led to suppose that Jimmy came to *Queer Street* when all was over, and to a certain extent made up for his previous neglect. It is not a very convincing book, and I do not quite understand why it was written.



WANTED.

AN UMBRELLA WITH GUTTER AND SPOUT ATTACHED.